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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

The Cry of Youth, by Harry Kemp. Kennerley.

Mr. Kemp's voice is rather raw and strident, and not so young as the title of his book would indicate, but now and then it is a poet's voice, singing, to a brass-band accompaniment, of the miseries of the down-and-out and the compensating freedom of the open road. Some of the poems are obvious, others melodramatic, but the best of them are authentic revelations of life, with something of pity and terror in their emotion. Of these the best is *The Ride*, in which the eerie suggestion of companionship of murderer and victim is carried with perfect aplomb to a strong climax.

In such dialect poems as *The Tramp's Confession*, *The Harvest Fly's Complaint*, *Cashing In*, we have flashes of the under-dog's point of view, his vision as well as his pain. And in poems like *Kansas*, *In a Storm*, and *Mount Rainier*—

Snow-garmented, immense,
And holding audience
With subject clouds—

in these we breathe far-blowing western winds.

Such a phrase also as "with star-seas a-wash at thy feet" is a not unworthy tribute to this poet's God. H. M.

My Lady's Book, by Gerald Gould. Kennerley.

Much love poetry comes to this office, presenting all phases of the subject, from tepid amorousness to erotic madness. But not often is the well-worn theme treated with such simplicity and freshness as in this thin little white volume.